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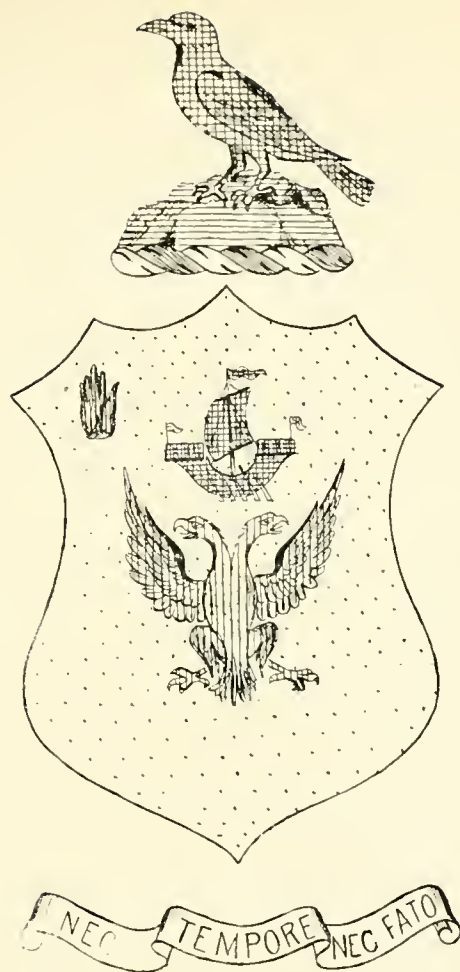


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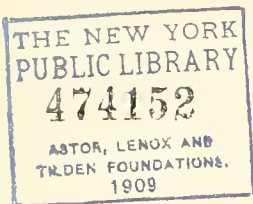


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Donaldson



3119

DONALDSON
FAMILY RECORD

COMPILED BY

JAMES H. SLIPPER, M. A.

A Blazon on Coat of Arms.

Shield, or, two-head Eagle displayed, gules.

Surmounted by a galley, sable.

In dexter chief hand, palm extended.

Crest Raven (popular) on a Rock, blue.

HERALDIC SYMBOLISM.

Eagle denotes one occupied in high and weighty affairs. Double-headed adds force to the Symbolism.

Galley refers to early ancestors coming from over the seas.

Hand is an emblem of justice.

Raven denotes one who is self-reliant. The Raven that Noah let out of the Ark never returned, but took care of itself. Architect of its own fortunes. It also denotes reliance on God's providential care, as Elijah was fed by the Ravens.

Rock signifies safety and refuge.

Color.—Metal or (gold), Generosity. Gules (red), Courage. Azure (blue), Loyalty.

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FOREWORD.

In compiling this record of the Donaldson family and their descendants, I may have omitted facts that to some may seem important, and inserted others that are unimportant; but I trust due allowance will be made for these, and also for all mistakes that I may have made, as everything considered I have done the best I could.

I should like to be apprised of any errors in names, places, or dates, so that I may correct them in my own copy.

The accounts of those who have married into the Donaldson family were found in my search among the books and papers of the Lenox and other libraries, and I thought them well worthy of a place among the family records.

If the different families will be careful to continue their records on the blank pages in the back of the book, and will send me all dates of births, marriages, and deaths as they occur, it will assist greatly in keeping the record accurate and aid any future recorder in his work.

I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to all those who have in any way aided me, either by giving information or by their words and acts of kind encouragement.

JAMES H. SLIPPER.

Origin of the Donaldson Name.

This extract from Lower's "Patronymica Britannica" shows the origin of the Donaldson name:

"The Donaldsons are MacDonalds, and bear their arms. The clan MacDonald is certainly one of the oldest and most important in Scotland, its chiefs being descended from Somerled, thane of Argyle, but sometimes styled King of the Isles, who flourished in the twelfth century. Donald, a well-known northern personal name, whence Donalds, MacDonald, Donaldson, etc. Gaelic etymologists derive the name from Donhuil, that is, brown-eyed."



JAMES DONALDSON.

Chapter I.

DONALDSON FAMILY GENEALOGY.

Catharine Robinson, mother of Mrs. Catharine Donaldson, was born in the Duchy of Holstine in the year of our Lord 1737. Died in New York, August 16, 1818, aged 81 years.

James Donaldson, born in the Parish of Rothies, Scotland, December 27, 1769. Died in New York city, January 22, 1845, aged 75 years. Married April 26, 1795, to Catharine, daughter of William and Catharine Patterson, who was born in New York, November 14, 1779. Died in New York, May 11, 1866, aged 88 years. They had ten children, as follows: (See obituary notices.)

SECOND GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON.

Ann Maria, born in New York, August 23, 1798. Died July 19, 1873. Twice married. First to Benjamin A. Waldron, December 7, 1815, who died February 18, 1828. Married second time to Mr. William J. Burritt, March 30, 1837, who died December 29, 1859.

Eliza, born September 27, 1800. Died August 25, 1801, aged 10 months 29 days.

Harriet, born November 10, 1802. Died February 6, 1824, aged 21 years. Married to Lancaster B. Dusenbery, May 24, 1820. Died February 23, 1824, within 17 days of his wife.

William Paterson, born May 25, 1805. Died September 19, 1854, aged 49 years. Married Eliza Thompson, 1829.

Adeline, born in New York, June 20, 1808. Died in New Albany, Ind., December 20, 1887. Married to Mr. William E. Lewis, October 21, 1826. Died New Albany, February 19, 1894.

Eliza Jane, born in New York, March 14, 1810. Died in Buffalo, N. Y., November 23, 1848, aged 38 years. (See obituary notice.) Married to Mr. George Mount in New York, April 21, 1829. They had no children.

James Taylor, born in New York, June 18, 1813. Died in Matagorda, Texas, March 21, 1848, aged 34 years. (See obituary.)

Cornelia Malvina, born in New York, March 8, 1816. Died in New York, 1864. Married to Isaac Lewis, Jr., brother of William E. Lewis, August 27, 1833, who died 1870.

Catharine Louisa, born in New York, February 15, 1819. Died in Brooklyn, May 17, 1878. Married to Col. Henry U. Slipper, January 13, 1836, who died March 7, 1867.

Mary Augusta, born in New York, April 6, 1822. Died in New York, June 14, 1838, aged 16 years.

THIRD GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE DONALDSON.

CHILDREN OF ANN MARIA AND BENJAMIN A. WALDRON.

Catharine Ann, born July 5, 1818. Died July 14, 1872. Married Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel November 5, 1835. Born June 19, 1812. Died February 8, 1884.

James Waldron, born 1820. Died 1848 from wounds in the Mexican war.

CHILDREN OF ANN MARIA AND MR. W. J. BURRITT.

Maria Louisa, born May 11, 1838. Died May 20, 1856, aged 18 years.

DUSINBERY FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Married on Wednesday evening, May 24, 1820, by the Rev. A. Hunt, Lancaster B. Dusinbery to Harriet Donaldson.

BIRTHS.

Lancaster Burling Dusinbery, son of Samuel and Elizabeth Dusinbery, was born at New Windsor, N. Y., July 13, 1796.

Harriet, daughter of James and Catharine Donaldson, was born in New York, November 10, 1802.

James Donaldson, son of Lancaster and Harriet Dusinbery, was born in New York at 2 P. M. on Tuesday, April 10, 1821. Baptized Tuesday, May 8, 1821, by the Rt. Rev. E. George, Bishop of the M. E. C.

Samuel Lancaster, son of Lancaster and Harriet Dusinbery, was born December 1, 1823. Baptized by the Rev. Mr. Bangs, February 2, 1824.

DEATHS.

Harriet Dusinbery, wife of Lancaster B. Dusinbery, departed this life on Friday night, February 6, 1824, aged 21 years, 2 months, 27 days.

Lancaster B. Dusinbery departed this life on Monday night, February 23, 1824, aged 27 years, 7 months, 10 days.

Samuel Lancaster Dusinbery, son of Lancaster B. and Harriet Dusinbery, departed this life October 19, 1824, aged 10 months and 19 days.

THIRD GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON. (CONTINUED.)

Adeline and William E. Lewis had three children:

James Evertson.

Catharine Louisa, born February 25, 1831, in New York. Died St. Paul, Minn., April 17, 1907. Married E. H. Mann, who died December 12, 1906. (See Mann family record.)

William Mount, born in New York, January 11, 1835. Married Anna E. Phelps, September 8, 1858, at Ottawa, Ill.

Cornelia and Isaac Lewis had five children.

George and Charlie died in childhood.

William Henry, born in New York, May 30, 1836. Died in Chicago, May 11, 1906. Married in New Albany, Ind., Julia Snively.

Adelaide Louisa, born in New York, 1844. Married W. H. H. Moore, 1862.

Nellie Lewis, unmarried.

Catharine Louisa and Henry U. Slipper had five children.

James Henry, born in the city of New York on the 5th of October, 1836; his twin brother died at his birth. Married November 2, 1886, Mrs. Lou Bosley.

Joseph Augustus, born in the city of New York on the 23d of March, 1841. Died July 24, 1882.

Anna Louisa, born in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 3d of November, 1844.

Catherine Eliza, born in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., August 7, 1849.

Alice Isabel, born in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 4th day of May, 1858. Died October 31, 1864.

FOURTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON.

Catharine Ann Waldron, born July 5, 1818. Died July 14, 1872. Married November 5, 1835, to Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel. (Born June 19, 1812. Died February 6, 1884.) Had six children.

Benjamin Waldron, born November 23, 1836. Died at Antwerp, Belgium, May 5, 1878.

Mary Elizabeth, born August 26, 1838. Died June 26, 1903. Was married April 5, 1860, to John Vanderpoel, who died in Chicago, May 31, 1869.

Julia Augusta, born 1844.

George Burritt, born August 29, 1846.

Charles, born 1848. Died 1850.

Dr. Waldron Burritt, born August 16, 1854.

(See Family Record of Catharine and Edward H. Mann herewith attached.)

Mr. William Mount Lewis, born 1835, was married in 1858 to Annie Phelps, born 1838, and had four children.

William Phelps, born November 27, 1859.

Edward Donaldson, born May, 1861. Died May, 1861, aged 3 weeks.

Henry Bangs, born July 28, 1862.

Kate Whitney, daughter, born August, 1865. Died November, 1865, aged 3 months.

FAMILY RECORD
OF
EDWARD H. MANN
AND
CATHERINE L. MANN
GRAND-DAUGHTER OF
JAMES DONALDSON.

FOURTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON. (CONTINUED.)

BIRTHS.

Edward Henry, son of Josiah and Sarah Mann, born July 7, 1824.
Catharine Louisa Mann, daughter of William E. and Adaline
Lewis, born February 25, 1831.

Charles William, son of Edward H. and Catharine Louisa Mann,
born August 27, 1851.

Francis Putnam, son of Edward H. and Catharine Louisa Mann,
born April 2, 1854.

Lewis Donaldson, son of the above, born February 11, 1857.

Henry Williamson, son of the above, born December 8, 1861.

Catharine Louisa, daughter of the above, born May 21, 1869.

Leonora Catharine, daughter of Francis P. and Mattie H. Mann,
born October 14, 1878.

Winona Lewis, daughter of Francis P. and Mattie H. Mann, born
July 2, 1880.

CHILDREN OF HENRY W. AND ALMA C. MANN.

Katharine Alexandra, daughter of the above, born September 13,
1889.

Margaret Christina, daughter of the above, born November 5,
1892.

Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the above, born November 4, 1901.

MARRIAGES.

At New York, November 6, 1849, by the Rev. Joseph R. Mann,
Edward H. Mann to Catharine Louisa Lewis.

At La Fayette Ind., December 12, 1877. Francis P. Mann to
Martha H. Chute.

At St. Paul, Minn., July 6, 1886. Henry W. Mann to Alma C.
Dougan.

DEATHS.

At New York, March 17, 1852, Charles William, oldest son of Edward H. and Catharine L. Mann, aged 6 months and 19 days.

At St. Paul, Minn., April 7, 1881, Winona Lewis, daughter of Francis P. and Martha H. Mann, aged 9 months and 5 days.

At LaFayette, Ind., July 7, 1882, Francis Putnam, son of Edward H. and Catharine L. Mann, aged 28 years, 3 months, and 5 days.

At St. Paul, Minn., October 23, 1887, Catharine Louisa, daughter of Edward H. and Catharine L. Mann, aged 18 years, 5 months, and 2 days.

At St. Paul, Minn., November 17, 1894, Katharine A. and Margaret C., daughters of Henry W. and Alma C. Mann, aged 5 and 2 years.

At St. Paul, Minn., December 12, 1906, Edward Henry Mann, aged 82 years, 5 months, and 5 days.

At St. Paul, Minn., April 17, 1907, Catharine Louisa, widow of Edward H. Mann, aged 76 years, 1 month, and 22 days.

FOURTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON. (CONTINUED.)

William Henry Lewis, born May 30, 1836. Died May 11, 1906. Married to Julia Frances Snively, October 21, 1862. Died May 23, 1887. Had six children.

Capt. E. M., born December 10, 1863.

William A., born March 30, 1865. Died July, 1894.

Arthur, born March 13, 1867.

Julia C., born August 4, 1874. Died August 27, 1875.

Francis S., born August 14, 1876.

Adelaide Louisa, born February 1, 1879.

Adelaide L. Lewis and Mr. William H. H. Moore were married June 10, 1862, and had four children, viz.:

Julia L., born September 26, 1863. Married L. C. Fairchild, October 19, 1882.

Arthur L., born January 20, 1866. Married Sara Frelinghuysen Chambers, February 25, 1892.

William Clifford, born September 16, 1867.

Adelaide L., born January 17, 1871. Married Mr. E. Hicks Her-
rick, April 28, 1892.

Col. Joseph A. Slipper, born March 23, 1841. Died July 24, 1882. (See circular of Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the U. S. attached to this genealogy.) Married Miss Zillah Jenkins in Brooklyn, N. Y., November 27, 1872. They had three children.

Ethel, born September 10, 1873.

Charles J., born February 3, 1875.

Joseph R., born April 25, 1877.

Anna Louisa Slipper and Henry L. Gordon were married June 7, 1864; had one daughter, Alice M. Henry L. Gordon died in China.

Katherine Eliza Slipper and Arthur Van Dyke were married October 24, 1891, and had one daughter, Kathryn, born December 31, 1892.

FIFTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON.

CHILDREN OF JACOB AND CATHERINE ANN VANDERPOEL.

Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel married Ellen Nevins. Had one child, Mary Elizabeth, born 1869.

Julia A. married Judge F. W. Loew, December 19, 1867. Had two children.

Julia Vanderpoel, born 1869.

Charles E. Vanderpoel, born 1871.

George Burritt Vanderpoel married Miss Maria Louise Ely, October 14, 1868. Had three children. (See Record of lineage on father's side.)

Julia Louisa, born July 31, 1870. Died December 28, 1874.

Catherine Ann, born June 11, 1872. Died August 18, 1872.

Ambrose Ely, born August 9, 1875.

Dr. Waldron Burritt Vanderpoel married Miss Anna Brennan at New Rochelle, N. Y., June 29, 1905. Had one child, a daughter, Catharine Ann, born July 13, 1908.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM MOUNT LEWIS.

William Phelps Lewis married in 1901 Alma Connor, born 1876. Has two sons:

Whitney Connor, born 1903.

Henry Bangs, Junior, born 1907.

Henry Bangs Lewis married in 1886 Isabel Willetts, born 1865. Has three children:

Son, John Whitney, born 1889.

Daughter, Julia Willetts, born 1891.

Daughter, Enid Yardell, born 1894.

CHILDREN OF WILLIAM H. LEWIS.

Capt. E. M. Lewis married Harriet Russell Balding, June 12, 1888. Had three children:

Henry B.

Adelaide Palmer.

Thomas B.

Francis S. married Adelaide Sara Terry, January 30, 1901.

Adelaide L. married Harry Heffrin, April 18, 1906.

Daughter, Emma Josephine, born February 6, 1907.

FIFTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON. (CONTINUED.)

CHILDREN OF ADELAIDE L. AND WILLIAM H. H. MOORE.

Julia L., born September 26, 1863. Married L. C. Fairchild, October 19, 1882. Has three children:

William Le Roy, born March 20, 1885.

Adelaide, born May 1, 1887.

Lila, born June 6, 1893.

Arthur L., born January 20, 1866. Married Sara Frelinghuysen Chambers, February 25, 1892. Has three children:

Louisa, born March 8, 1894.

William H. H., born September 1, 1895.

Zara Adelaide, born November 29, 1900.

Adelaide L., born January 17, 1871. Married Mr. E. Hicks Her-
rick, April 28, 1892. Has two daughters:

Margaret Adelaide, born January 24, 1893.

Louisa Moore, born February 13, 1895.

SIXTH GENERATION OF JAMES AND CATHARINE
DONALDSON.

Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin Waldron Vanderpoel, twice married.

First, to Mr. J. J. Sinnott. Had two children:

John J., born 1895.

Helen, born 1897.

Second marriage, Dr. Johnson.

From the New York Times, Friday, Dec. 3rd,
1909.

Married.

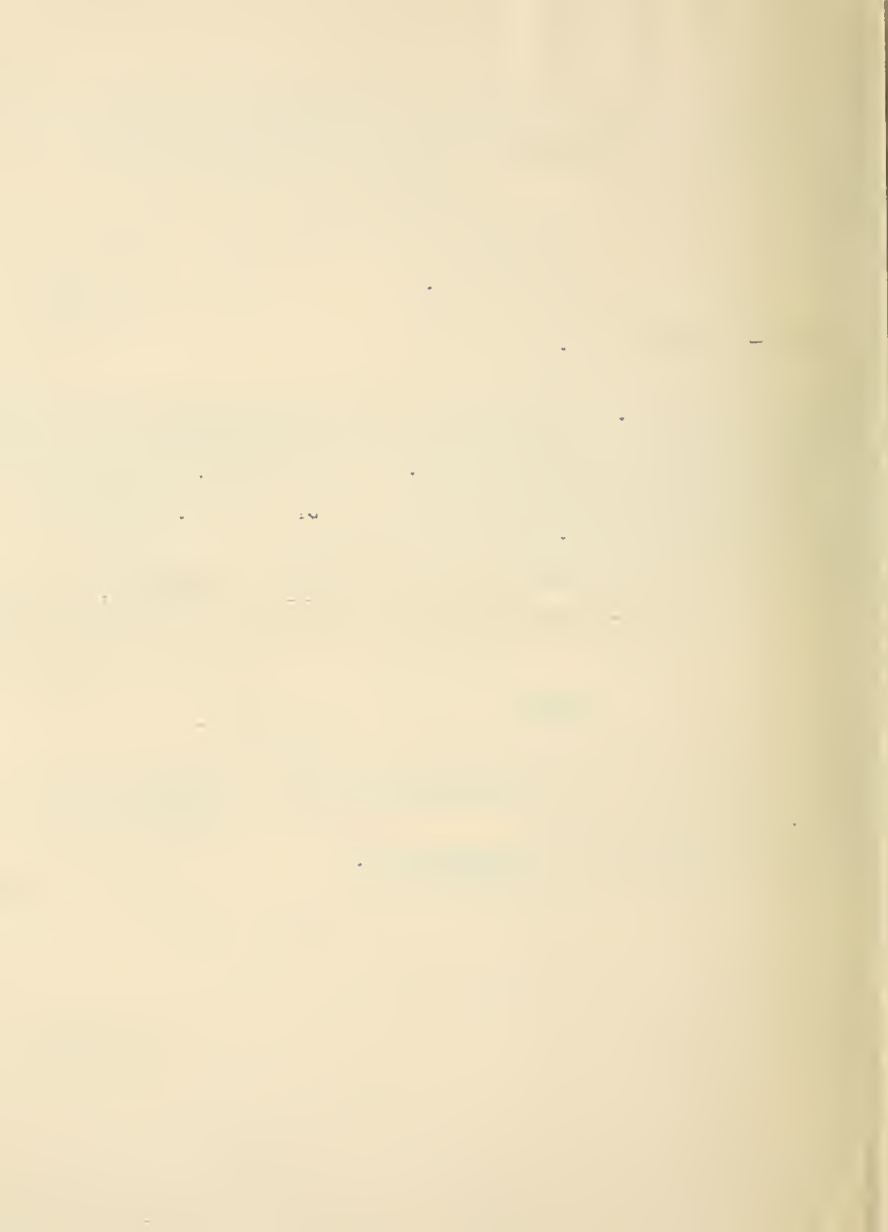
Arnold-Fairchild.

Wednesday, Dec. 1st. 1909, at the residence of the
bride's grand parents, Mr. & Mrs. W. H. H. Moore,
(in the City of New York), by the Rev. Henry
Sloan Coffin, D.D.

Adelaide Fairchild to John Welles Arnold.

Note by the Compiler.

The bride is a great, great grand daughter of
James & Catherine Donaldson.



CONCISE RECORD (AND LINEAGE ON THE FATHER'S
SIDE) OF A GREAT-GRANDSON OF JAMES AND
CATHARINE DONALDSON.

VANDERPOEL, GEORGE BURRITT, of New York city, b. there Aug. 29, 1846; grad. Dartmouth Coll. 1868, A.B., A.M., 1871; tax commissioner 1878-83; secy. to the mayor 1876-78; deputy tax commissioner 1870-2 (m. Oct. 14, 1868, Maria Louise, dau. of E. C. and Julia A. (Kitchell Ely, and gr.-dau. of Ambrose Kitchell of Hanover, N. J., and had three children: Julia Louise, b. July 31, 1870, d. Dec. 28, 1874; Catharine Ann, b. June 11, 1872, d. Aug. 28, 1872; and Ambrose Ely, b. Aug. 9, 1875); son of JACOB of New York city, b. there June 19, 1812; d. there Feb. 8, 1884; dealer in mahogany and rosewood, proprietor of a varnish factory; school commissioner 1876; dock commissioner 1877-83; (m. Nov. 5, 1835, Catherine Ann, b. July 6, 1818; d. July 14, 1872; dau. of Benjamin and Ann Maria [Donaldson] Waldron of New York city); son of JACOB of New York city, b. in Chatham, N. J., May 6, 1776; d. in New York city; merchant (m. Apr. 9, 1796, Elizabeth Smith, b. Apr. 18, 1778; d. July 25, 1849); son of DAVID of Chatham, N. J., b. Feb., 1735; d. in Chatham, N. J., Jan. 26, 1821; captain in the Revolutionary war, name was usually pronounced *Pool*, tanner (m. Aug. 20, 1757, Deborah Lane); son of JOHANNES of Newark, N. J., b. in Albany, N. Y., bap. there Aug. 3, 1707; d. in Newark, N. J. (m. 1732, Apphia Davis); son of WYNANT of Albany, N. Y., and Newark, N. J., b. in Albany, 1681; bap. Oct. 14, 1683; d. in Newark Apr. 14, 1750; freeholder in Albany 1720; during the same year his brother Melgert was freeholder in Kinderhook (m. Aug. 17, 1706, Katherina De Hoogen, b. 1687; d. Jan. 12, 1744); son of MELGERT WYANTSE Vanderpoel of Albany, N. Y., b. there 1654; d. there 1710 (m. 1668, Adriaantje Verplanck); son of WYNANT GERRITSE Vanderpoel of New York city and Albany, N. Y., b. in Amsterdam 1620; d. in Albany 1699 (m. 1642, Tryntje Melgerse).—*From American Ancestry.*

Chapter II.

ON THE SEVENTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY OF MOTHER DONALDSON.

Should you ask me for the reason
 Why unsummon'd here we come?
 Why this night? This chilly season?
 With one accord we leave our home?
 Why beneath the parent roof-tree
 All are gathered? Old and Young.
 Hearts of gladness, almost care free,
 With radiant smiles their faces hung.
 With all the hopes and fears we cherish,
 With all the gladsome joy we show
 Respect, and love which cannot perish;
 Respect and love to you we owe.

I should answer and remember,
 This is natal, Birth-day fete;
 This is fourteenth of November.
Seventy-eight is now complete.
 The golden bowl is still unbroken,
 The pitcher still is at the well.
 Now is the time we bring our token,
 Now is the time our love to tell;
 Now is the time to bring our garlands,
 And our offerings here to-night,
 Before dispersion into far lands,
 Before we feel the wintry blight.
 Time is short, and time is fleeting;
Now is all that we possess,
 Now is the time and this our meeting
 We'll treasure in our hearts' recess.

Eighty years, save two, are numbered,
 Gone and vanished like the dew;
 Like long ages that have slumbered;
 Like the light when lost to view;

Like the shadows merg'd and darken'd,
 Like the years beyond the flood,
 Like tales to which our ears have harken'd,
 Like messengers sent up to God.
 Now remembrance scans the vista,
 Tracing through the long-gone past.
 Checker'd scenes all dim and misty,
 Clustering, rise up thick and fast.
 One by one the friends departed,
 Ties dissever'd, hopes to fade.
 Earth would leave us broken-hearted
 If heaven were not our constant aid.
 Ties dissever'd, vain hopes chasten'd,
 All things tending to decline;
 Thus admonished, here we hasten,
 All the branches, round the Vine.

Should you further wish to ask me
 What these branches mean to do?
 If they shall live when you're transplanted,
 Live when you are out of view.

I should answer, I should tell you:

Your remembrance shall not perish.
 They will keep the precepts given.
 They will honor, love, and cherish,
 Till at last we meet in Heaven.
 We will live around our hearthstone,
 Musing on our sainted sires,
 And shine, if may be, as they shone,
 Till death extinguished all our fires.
 In unity and kindness dwelling,
 Every bitter root destroyed;
 Every cause of heartburn quelling,
 Live in peace that's unalloy'd.
 Thus we'll float along life's surface,
 Buoyant on time's changing flood,
 Remembering those who've gone before us,
 And trace their pathway up to God.

While *our* frail bark is on life's ocean,
 Our ends and aims extended far;
 We'll give to Heaven sincere devotion,
 We'll fix upon that Golden Star,
 Bethlehem's Planet—radiant day Star,
 Guiding all who keep that light
 Shining in the soul's horizon,
 A cloud by day and fire by night.
 And when with us all things shall cease,
 Life, time, hope, Joy, and earthly love,
 Then may our end be made in peace,
 To join the enraptured Hosts above.

If still further you would question,
 And should ask me if I know
 Who plann'd and set this thing in motion,
 Who ranged these people in a row?
 Who designed and brought together
 All you find around you here
 In spite of colds and wind or weather?
 I shall answer without fear;
 She that had a celebration,
 Thirty years of wedded life,
 She that fits in every station,
 Grand-dame, Mother, Daughter, Wife,
 She, the active moving Spirit
 That goes ahead in spite of Omen,
 She, you all must know her merits,
 You know her—a designing Woman.

I have my information certain
 (The source no one can say is bad),
 I've had a peep behind the curtain,
 And then they all cry out, "'Tis Ad."

And now we tender you our greeting,
 Big and little, every one,
 And hope for many more such meetings,
 Many a birthday Welcome Home.



MRS. CATHARINE DONALDSON.

Chapter III.

OBITUARY.

January 22, 1845. In the city of New York, James Donaldson, in the 76th year of his age.

The deceased was born in the parish of Rothies in Scotland; and when about 13 years of age removed with his parents to Aberdeen. In the year 1786 he left his native country, and arrived in Nova Scotia in July of that year. In the latter part of the year 1788 he was awakened under the ministry of the Rev. William Black, and after several weeks of deep distress he was mercifully delivered from the bondage of sin and Satan, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. In July, 1791, he came to New York; and on his arrival in this city he was very kindly received by the Rev. Messrs. Whatcoat and Mann, at that time stationed preachers in New York, and by the Rev. Mr. Morrell, the presiding elder; also by Mr. Andrew Mercein, in whose family he resided nearly six years. In 1806 he was appointed a class leader, and in 1812 he was elected a trustee of the M. E. Church; both of these offices he continued to fill with great acceptance till the time of his death. Ever since he first made a profession of religion, his whole life has been an exhibition of humble, consistent godliness. Though naturally modest and retiring, he was never ashamed of his religious profession, but always delighted in the name of his Saviour. In whatever company or situation he was placed, it was always his happiness to dwell on the theme of redeeming love. A short time before his last illness, he remarked to a friend: "Having obtained help of the Lord, I yet remain; and although I have to cry out many times, 'My leanness, my leanness,' yet he bears with my weakness; and my name is '*a sinner saved by grace.*'" His last sickness, an affection of the heart, was short and severe. Most of the time his sufferings prevented him from conversing much. What few remarks he was enabled occasionally to make showed that his mind was fixed on God. A few minutes before he breathed his last, he said to one of his daughters, who was standing by his bedside: "Don't be alarmed; this is death. I am not alarmed. My Saviour is with me through the valley and shadow of death."

Thus died this beloved and venerable disciple, as he lived, an humble, bright, and consistent Christian. Let each one endeavor to imitate his bright example and follow him as he followed Christ. L.

OBITUARY.

Seldom are we called upon to mourn the departure from this world of one whose whole life was a better living epistle of the Christian character than that of our departed friend James Donaldson, who died in the city of New York on the 22d of January in the 76th year of his age.

From early youth to the latest period of his declining years the great object of his desire was to live a Christian's life and to die a Christian's death.

It is not for him we mourn, for we have heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and we know and feel he has exchanged a world of toil and trouble even to her most favored sons for one of bright and blissful immortality. But we would cherish the memory of his virtues, the example of his unspotted life, and his calm and peaceful end, to help forward the aged Christian in his onward course, to stimulate the young to run the same race, and to urge upon his descendants as they revere his memory, so to live that when they are called upon to die they may receive a crown of glory in the world of bliss. A native of Scotland, he was for more than fifty years a resident of this city, and fulfilled all the duties of a good Christian with unblemished reputation.

As a husband and a father he was kind, affectionate, and confiding, as a friend firm and faithful. Charity was one of his daily duties, and no poor man made an appeal to him in vain. Careful and prudent in his affairs, unscrupulously honest and exact in his dealings, he made it a point of honor to fulfill all his engagements not only on the day and at the hour, but in the spirit as well as the letter.

But the crowning excellence of his character was his Christian deportment. He became pious in his sixteenth year, and from that time until his death, he was a devoted member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, aiding her by his exertions and assisting her with his means. Chosen in 1813 a trustee of the churches of that denomination in this city while they were associated together, he was re-elected to the same office until the church property was divided, and continued an officer and trustee of the same church until his death.

No secular affairs could prevent him from attending to his religious duties, neither cold nor heat, storm nor rain would detain him from the house of God; and although nearly four-score winters had passed over his head, he was there three times on the last Sabbath previous to his decease.

Naturally modest and retiring in his manners, he was firm in the

path of duty, and never hesitated to admonish a friend when he thought he could benefit him thereby.

Few who knew him but well remember his kind and easy manner, his bland, affectionate smile, when he warned them of their errors, or urged them to their duty, in such a way that they felt the admonition came from the heart, where it was formed in the greatest kindness and carried into effect with the best desires for their good; as an instance, the writer well remembers an interview the deceased had with a venerable friend a short time since, who informed him of the death of his brother. "Yes," said he with much feeling, "I have no doubt he died happy. It is a call for you and me; but remember, brother, where he had one talent to answer for, you have two."

During his last sickness, which was very short and severe, he was perfectly resigned. His mind was clear, calm, and composed; a few moments before he expired he said to one of his family, "I feel I am dying; this is death. Do not be alarmed. I am not alarmed, my Saviour is with me through the valley and shadow of death." He then closed his eyes, and in a few moments more, with hardly a struggle or groan, expired. Thus Christianity can disarm death of all its terrors, and make the grave but the gate of Heaven. Young believer, aged disciple, be faithful until death, and you will receive a crown of life.

OBITUARY.

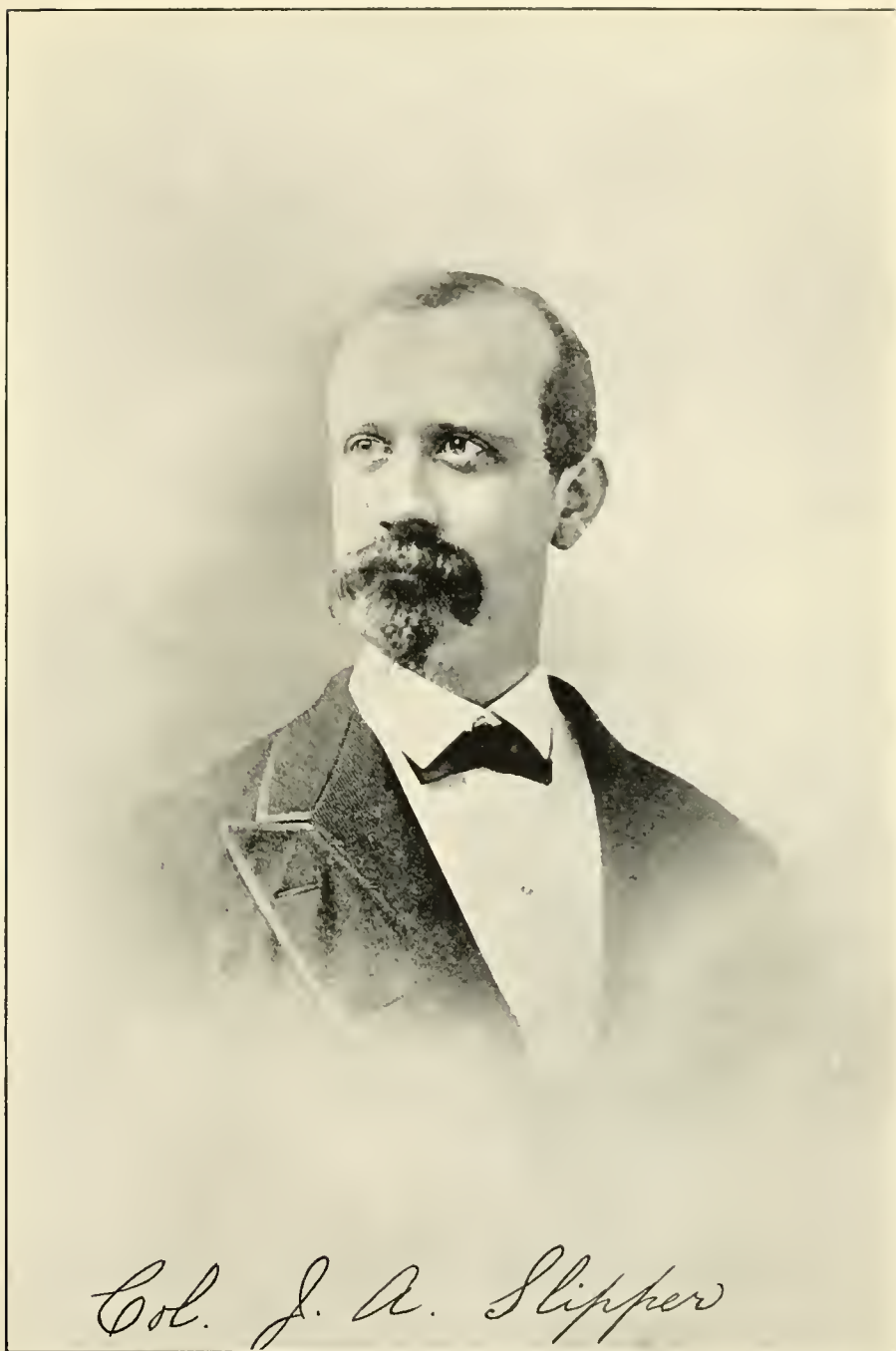
IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Catherine Donaldson, widow of James Donaldson, died in the city of New York on the 11th of May, 1866, in the 88th year of her age.

This venerable lady fell, like the aged oak, in the full maturity of her years and usefulness, and as the ivy and wild flowers still cling to the monarch of the forest, though it is prostrate to the earth, so recollections of her many virtues surround her memory, and we would treasure them up in the sacred recesses of our hearts. One by one, many of her children, like acorns from the parent branch, were laid low in the earth. Yet God had been very kind to her in all His dealings. She became a Christian in early life, and was faithful unto death, and at that time was probably the oldest member in communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city. Until her fatal illness blessed with almost uninterrupted health, with competence, a happy family, and ardent friends, her greatest desire was to add to the happiness of all who came within her domestic sphere, and never more happy than when dispensing the hospitalities of her home to ministers of religion and their families. Many, at least of the older ones, will look back with pleasure on the hours they have passed under her hospitable roof. But where are many of them now—many of her dear children, the friends of her youth, the companions of her maturer years, of the tens—nay, hundreds—of those who worshiped at the same altar with her? Gone to the Spirit land. To this aged servant, after nearly fourscore and ten years of pilgrimage on earth, the Lord said "Come home," and without a murmur or a sigh the spirit of this mother in Israel was taken to its mansion in Heaven. She was distinguished by untiring industry, great firmness and energy of character, mixed with much kindness, beneficence, and love. Indeed, charity was the rule of her life, and for many years a stated portion of her income was most religiously devoted to the wants of the Church and the calls of the needy and suffering.

While we are thankful for her bright example, let us imitate her many Christian graces, and strive to live that we may meet her in the skies.

S.



OBITUARY.

(1848) November 23. In Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Eliza Jane Mount, wife of Mr. George Mount, and daughter of the late James Donaldson of this city. The grave has closed over the mortal remains of our beloved friend, but we are not called upon to mourn without hope, as in early life she was deeply exercised by the truths of Christianity, and in after years became a professed follower of the Saviour. Her death was so gentle and peaceful that those who watched by her couch could hardly tell the exact time of the spirit's departure. H.

Died, of congestion of the brain, after a short illness, on Tuesday, March 21, 1848, James T. Donaldson, a native of the city of New York, and for more than six years a resident of Matagorda, Texas.

"In the midst of life we are in death"; and never was this truth more forcibly verified than in the sudden and unexpected death of our much-esteemed friend. When the unmerring dart of death levels to the dust the aged and infirm, it is sorrowful to witness the harrowed feelings of weeping friends and relatives; but when, as in this case, the strong man in the prime of life is singled out, when fond hopes and high expectations of dear friends are thus suddenly blasted by death's untimely grasp, the calamity is indeed painful in the extreme, and may well cause a sigh from the deepest recesses of the heart. Ardent and sincere in his attachment to his friends, and amiable and courteous in his deportment to all with whom he had transactions in the various paths of life, we are persuaded that but few persons had won more esteem, or whose loss would be more generally regretted than that of Major Donaldson. His funeral was numerously and respectably attended.

His remains have been brought on, and now repose in Greenwood by the side of his kindred dust. As a friend he was firm and faithful, as a merchant ardent, industrious, and enterprising, of strict integrity and undoubted honor.

The opening prospects in Texas induced him at an early period to leave his home and engage there in mercantile pursuits. From his known business talents his friends anticipated his attaining a high position among the business men of that active and thriving State; and just as he seemed on the eve of reaping the rewards of years of toil and anxiety his manly form was laid low and his spirit called suddenly away, we hope, to a brighter and better world.

"Green be the turf above thee
 Friend of my better days.
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 None named thee but to praise."

S.

Chapter IV.

WAR RECORDS OF DONALDSON DESCENDANTS.

Descendants of James and Catherine Donaldson were found rallying around the flag in each of their country's wars, as shown by the accompanying list of names.

MEXICAN WAR.

James Waldron, born 1820. Died 1848 of wounds received in the Mexican war. Grandson of James and Catherine Donaldson.

Extract from Waldron Ancestry.

JAMES WALDRON.—He entered the United States Army at the outbreak of the Mexican war. He went safely through several engagements, and wrote to his family of his experiences and prospects several interesting letters. Then his letters ceased to come; there was a long interval of suspense and anxious, prayerful waiting, and then word was received that James Waldron had been severely wounded in one of the hardest fought battles of the war—the storming of Chapultepec—and had died either in being carried to the hospital or soon after reaching it; it was never known quite certainly which. His remains were buried in the soil of Mexico.

CIVIL WAR.

Vanderpoel, Capt. Benjamin W., born November 23, 1836. Died May 5, 1878, in Antwerp, Belgium, from wounds and disease incurred in the war of the rebellion. Served in 59th New York Volunteers. Confined as a prisoner of war in Libby, Salisbury, and Danville prisons. Great-grandson of James and Catherine Donaldson.

Officers of Volunteers appointed by the President 1861-1865.

Lewis, William M., Captain, Addl. Aide c. May 30, 1862. Mustered out September 24, 1864.

Slipper, Joseph A., Capt. A. A. G. September 9, 1862. Mustered out September 19, 1865.

Grandsons of James and Catharine Donaldson.

See minutes of M. O. L. L. regarding his death.

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Lewis, Edwin M., born in Indiana. Appointed from Indiana; graduated from West Point. Second Lieut. 11th Infantry July 1, 1866. First Lieut. 20th Infantry August 31, 1893. Captain March 2, 1899. Adjt. March 2, 1899. Served through the Spanish war and at the Philippines. Great-grandson of James and Catherine Donaldson.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1882.

Circular No. 5. }
Series of 1882-83. }
Whole No. 207. }

II. At a Stated Meeting of this Commandery, held at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, on Wednesday evening, November 1, 1882, the following Report of a Committee appointed to draft Resolutions relative to the decease of Companion Slipper was adopted:

REPORT.

First. The Committee appointed at a Meeting of the Commandery, held October 4, 1882, to draft Resolutions relative to the death of Companion Brevet Colonel Joseph A. Slipper, respectfully report:

Colonel Joseph A. Slipper, late Major and Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. Vols., died July 24, 1882, at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.

Colonel Slipper was a native of this city. Soon after leaving Columbia College, where he graduated with honors, he entered the volunteer service as Lieutenant in the 67th Regiment, New York Volunteers, known as the "First Long Island Regiment." Shortly after his regiment reached Washington, in the summer of 1861, he was detailed as Aide on the staff of Brigadier-General L. P. Graham, commanding the brigade to which his regiment had been assigned. He served in this capacity until the fall of 1862, when having been appointed Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, he resigned his commission in the 67th Regiment, and reported for duty in his new position, to Brigadier-General J. J. Abercrombie, who had succeeded General Graham in command of the brigade. While with General Abercrombie, by whom he was held in high esteem, he discharged his duty with great fidelity—always ready to execute any service, no matter how dangerous or difficult. At the battles of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill, he greatly distinguished himself. For his brave and gallant conduct in these battles he was complimented and praised by his superior officers.

In the early days of the organization of this Commandery, Colonel Slipper gave his active attention to the Order. He was one of the Charter Members of this Commandery, and served in various capacities.

For some years past, owing to a severe and painful illness, caused from exposure in the field, he was unable to attend any of the meetings of the Commandery.

Colonel Slipper was a gentleman of the highest sense of honor, and he will long be remembered with respect and affection by those who were associated with him.

Your Committee recommend the adoption of the following Resolutions; the Commandery has experienced the loss of a Companion distinguished for his good qualities and devotion to duty:

"Resolved, That the Commandery deeply regret his death and extends its sympathies to his widow and family.

"Resolved, That these Resolutions be entered upon our records, and a copy of them be sent to the family of our deceased Companion."

CHARLES K. GRAHAM,	} Committee.
Brevet Major-General, U. S. Vols.	
SAMUEL TRUESDELL,	
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. Vols.	
BENJAMIN F. RITTENHOUSE,	
Brevet Major U. S. Army.	
ARTHUR J. PRITCHARD,	
Paymaster, U. S. Navy.	

JOSEPH AUGUSTUS SLIPPER.

Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

Elected, January 17, 1866, in Pennsylvania Commandery. Transferred to New York Commandery, Charter Member, January 17, 1866. 1st Class. Insignia 133. Glen Cove, N. Y.

1st Lieutenant, 67th New York Infantry ("First Long Island"), September 16, 1861; promoted.

Captain, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. Volunteers, September 9, 1862; mustered out, September 19, 1865.

Brevet Major, U. S. Volunteers, March 13, 1865, "for faithful and meritorious services during the war;" Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, March 13, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war."

Fourth Corps, Army Potomac; Defenses Washington, D. C.; Department Washington, Twenty-second Corps.

Correspondent of the Commandery, February 16, 1866, to May 2, 1866; Recorder, May 2, 1866, to April 30, 1867; Council, April 30, 1867, to May 6, 1868; Senior Vice-Commander, May 6, 1868, to May 5, 1869.

Born, March 23, 1841, at New York, N. Y.

Died, July 24, 1882, at Glen Cove, N. Y.

TRIBUTE TO BROTHER JOE.

He came to the grave not when the slow decay of mental powers had set the warning signals of death, but at the time when the equipment for his work was almost perfect, and the intellectual fruitage for the next ten years bade fair to be the most abundant.

He was an honorable, upright, conscientious man and was held in high esteem by all who knew him.

A tribute from his comrades of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion will be found attached to these records. J. H. S.

CHICAGO, INDIANAPOLIS & LOUISVILLE RAILWAY COMPANY. MONON ROUTE.

CHICAGO, May 8, 1907.

The following extract from the minutes of the meeting of the Board of Directors of this Company, held May 29, 1906, is the only reference there is to the death of the late Mr. W. H. Lewis, viz.:

"The President announced the death (which occurred on the 11th of May) of Mr. W. H. Lewis, Treasurer and Assistant Secretary, who had been a faithful and efficient officer of the Company for nearly half a century."

(Signed) BYRON CASSELL.

This was a grandson of James and Catherine Donaldson.

OBITUARY NEWS OF THE DAY.

W. H. Lewis, Treasurer of the Monon Railway, Dead at Age of 70.

W. H. Lewis, treasurer of the Monon Railroad, died at the home of his son, 295 Hazel Avenue, Chicago, Ill., May 11, 1906. He was one of the oldest railroad officials of the West, and had devoted forty-eight years of active service in the upbuilding of the Monon route. Mr. Lewis was 70 years of age, and his death was caused by heart disease. He is survived by four children—Capt. Edward M. Lewis, 20th United States Infantry; Arthur H., Francis, and Mrs. Adelaide Lewis Heffrin. Burial services will be held in New Albany, Ind.

Chapter V.

OBITUARY FROM THE NEW YORK HERALD, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

EX-COMMISSIONER JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Mr. Jacob Vanderpoel died yesterday at his residence in Lexington Avenue; the direct cause being a cancerous affection of the glands of the neck. It developed with great rapidity, and baffled the skill of his physicians. Mr. Vanderpoel was born in 1812, and belonged to Knickerbocker stock. He received his early education in the best of schools, and when he entered mercantile life, became prominent in the mahogany trade; subsequently he engaged in the manufacture of varnish, and built a large factory on the east side. He retired from active business in 1862 with a large fortune. Later he was tendered the nomination for mayor, which he declined, but consented to serve as a school commissioner in the 19th Assembly District. Subsequently he became a member of Tammany Hall General Committee, and was shortly after appointed to the office of Dock Commissioner.

He was a man of large experience, popular, and possessed pronounced business ability. This was one of the secrets of his success. His death was not unanticipated. He knew that it was approaching rapidly, and he calmly made every arrangement for the future with the surviving members of his family.

OBITUARY FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Ex-Dock Commissioner Jacob Vanderpoel died at his residence, No. 342 Lexington Avenue, yesterday morning of malignant tumor of the throat. He had been confined to his house for four or five weeks, but his death was entirely unexpected.

Mr. Vanderpoel was born in this city in 1812. He began to earn his own living as an apprentice to John Budd, a cabinet maker in Fulton Street. While still young and at the age of twenty, he bought the remainder of the time he was to serve. Subsequently he became a dealer in mahogany, and made a great deal of money in the business. This he invested in real estate, which rapidly rose in value and largely increased his fortune. A great deal of the real estate he retained pos-

session of up to the time of his death, holding, it is said, nearly one million dollars worth.

In 1876 Mayor Wickham appointed Mr. Vanderpoel a School Commissioner. This office he held until May, 1877, when Mayor Ely appointed him a Dock Commissioner. He served in this position until the expiration of his term in May, 1883. From the fall of 1877 until last spring, he held the office of Treasurer of the Board of Dock Commissioners.

Mr. Vanderpoel leaves two sons, George B. and Waldron B. Vanderpoel, and two daughters, one of whom is the wife of Ex-Register Loew. He was a Mason. The funeral services will be held at the Baptist Church at Park Avenue and 39th Street at 3 P. M. to-morrow. There will be no pallbearers, Mr. Vanderpoel being opposed to any ostentatious display.

OBITUARY FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, FEBRUARY 9, 1884.

JACOB VANDERPOEL.

Ex-Dock Commissioner Jacob Vanderpoel died yesterday morning at his home, No. 342 Lexington Avenue. He was taken sick about six weeks ago with what developed into an ulcer of the throat. For a month he suffered excruciating pain. For a week he had been much depressed, but on Thursday he was more hopeful. Dr. Sands, the attending physician, did not give much encouragement. It was decided that a consultation of physicians should be had yesterday afternoon. Shortly before 6 A. M. the attending nurse noted that his breathing was difficult and called Dr. Vanderpoel, a son of the sick man. Soon afterward the patient breathed his last.

Mr. Vanderpoel was born in this city in 1812. His education was limited, and when a mere lad he was apprenticed to Cabinetmaker Budd, whose place of business was in Fulton Street near the North Dutch Church. At the age of twenty he purchased the remainder of his time and became a journeyman.

In 1832, when the cholera was raging in this city, he bought a lot of mahogany at auction at a low rate, and sold it later at a large advance. He was successful in other ventures. He purchased a good deal of improved real estate in and around the "Swamp" and Franklin Square, and he owned for many years a good deal of tenement property in Cherry and adjacent streets. Good judges estimate that he was worth in real estate alone over one million dollars.

In 1876 he was appointed School Commissioner by Mayor Wickham.

In the following year Mayor Ely nominated him as Commissioner of Docks. He was confirmed and served as such until last May; during most of the time that he was in the Board he served as treasurer. While so serving the chief bookkeeper abstracted fifteen thousand dollars from time to time, and finally fled to Canada. The three Dock Commissioners made the amount good. Later another bookkeeper confessed that he was a defaulter to the amount of eight thousand nine hundred dollars, and this was paid by Mr. Vanderpoel.

Not long ago Mr. Vanderpoel bought a handsome brownstone house in West 31st Street near Fifth Avenue. He had had extensive alterations in the interior and was to have had an addition built for a conservatory and art gallery, when he was taken sick.

TRIBUTE TO MR. JACOB VANDERPOEL.

The large heart and many acts of kindly beneficence done by that grand old man Jacob Vanderpoel will never be known until the books of the Recording Angel shall be opened. I can recall this picture of him. One day when I was in his office, it being rent day there, as the tenants came in to pay their monthly dues, he would hand the mother or the little child who brought the money a coin and tell them to open a little savings bank for the children or to add it to the account already opened. It was a beautiful sight.

Again I remember often to have heard Grandma Donaldson speak of his thoughtful kindness in sending her flowers and fruit from his own garden. She often remarked what a wonderfully industrious man your cousin Jacob is, why he is up in the morning and has a day's work done before the rest of us are out of bed.

Burial places reserved for the dead have small reverence when the interests of the living are concerned.

The first Donaldson interments were made in the M. E. Cemetery in First Street, but in 1848 a plot was purchased in Greenwood Cemetery, and the remains of James Donaldson and those of his descendants who had preceded him to the spirit land were transferred to that beautiful resting place of the dead, there to rest until the last trumpet shall call them from their long sleep.

There all the family, save one daughter who lies in her Western home, are gathered together, resting peacefully with father and mother awaiting "that fearful day when heaven and earth shall pass away; when the judge at last shall come."



DONALDSON FAMILY BURIAL PLOT IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.



THE VANDERPOEL BURIAL PLOT IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

New York, Nov. 11, 1909.

Dear Friend:

It is my sad and sorrowful duty to announce the first death among those connected with the Donaldson Family, since the issue of the Family Record.

The Hon. F. W. Loew, husband of one of the great grand daughters of James and Catherine Donaldson, died on Nov. 7th, 1909, at his residence New York City, in the 75th year of his age.

The beautiful and impressive funeral services were held, on the 10th inst., at the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. F. B. Vanderpoel, No. 37 West 76th St., New York City, in the presence of the family and a large number of his sorrowing friends. A fine tribute to his Christian life and character was paid by the pastor of the First Baptist Church of New York, Rev. Dr. I. M. Holdeman, which church he and his family had long attended.

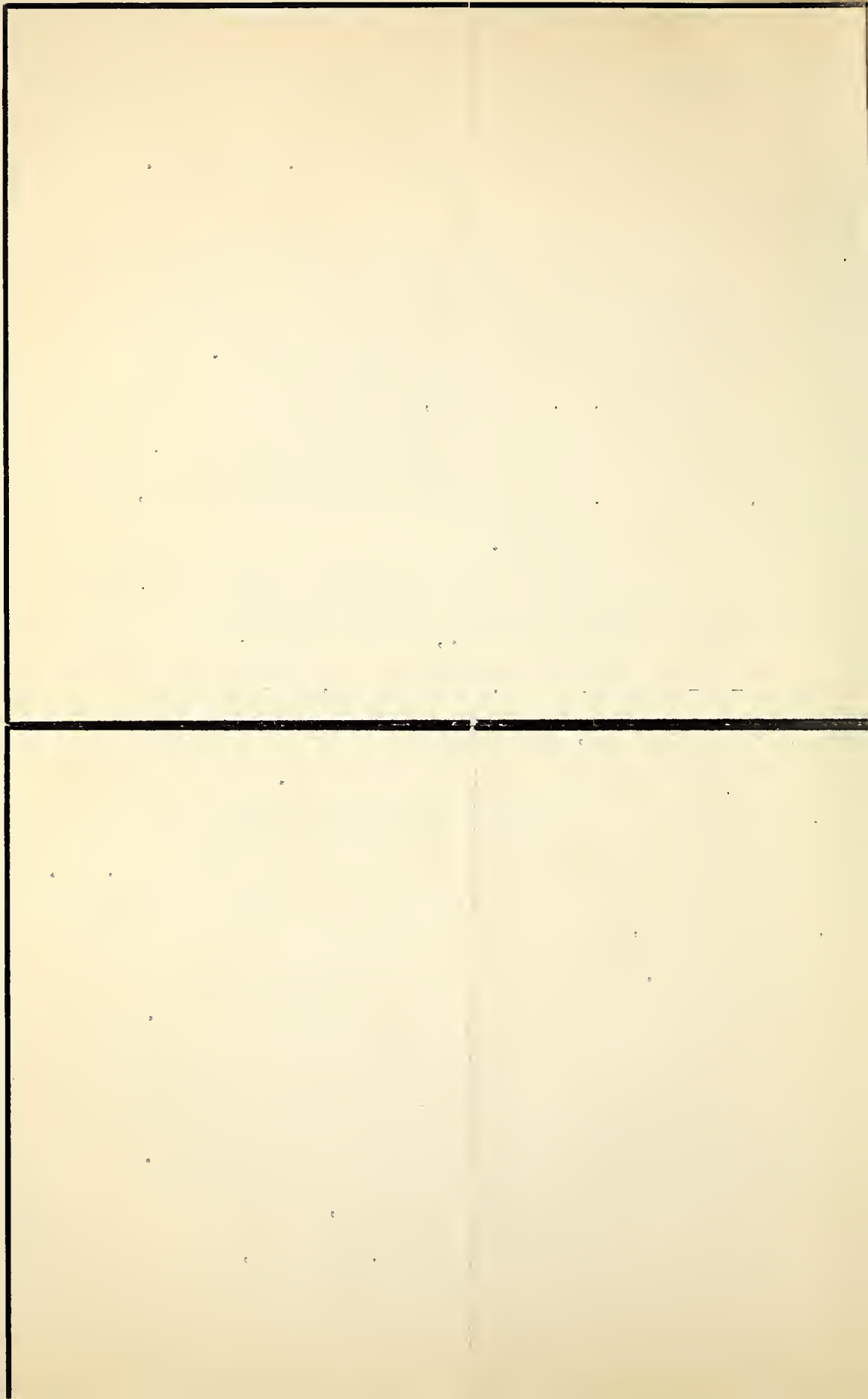
Let his Requiem be "Requiescat in Pace.

All the surviving members of the Donaldson Family join with me in extending to the sorrow stricken widow and children our deepest love and sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

James H. Slipper,

Compiler.



Chapter VI.

THE HON. FREDERICK W. LOEW.

Frederick William Loew, twelfth Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, was born in Alsace, December 20, 1834, and when about three years of age was brought by his parents to the United States.

His ancestry on both sides sprang from old Alsatian stock residing in Strasburg in Alsace. Many of them occupied high social and political positions in their ancestral city and other parts of France.

When about sixteen years old he lost his father, Frederick J. Loew, and was left with his mother and four younger brothers. He was educated in English, French, and German schools of New York city.

Having artistic tastes of a high order he determined to adopt engraving as a profession, and accordingly studied under one of the most talented engravers in the city. He applied himself so industriously to his art, and attained such proficiency, that before he was twenty years old he received two silver medals and a handsome edition of Webster's Dictionary for works of his exhibited at the American Institute and other expositions. The dies for medallions, etc., exhibited at the American Institute were announced as having been cut and exposed by him expressly for the competition, and he carried off the highest prize for the same as against the works of some of the most celebrated engravers of the country.

His close application, however, and the habit of constantly stooping over his artistic work, had seriously impaired his health, and by advice of his physician he undertook a journey South.

Being a passenger on board the ill-fated steamer *Crescent City*, he was shipwrecked on the Bahama banks on December 7, 1855, and after two nights and days of privation was finally taken from the wreck by a wrecking schooner to the island of Nassau. He sailed from thence to Havana, and later to New Orleans, where for some time he was seriously ill. The excitement and hardship, however, had called out all the latent energy of his system, and thus what was at first supposed would prove fatal tended to his recovery.

Returning home, he was obliged to choose a more active profession than art, and entered upon law. After holding a position as law clerk in the Sheriff's office for a time, devoting his leisure to professional study, he was admitted to the bar in 1860. From the start his practice was attended with success; his specialty was the examination of titles to real estate and conveyancing.

In the fall of 1863 he was elected by a large majority for a term of six years, Justice of the Fifth Judicial Court of New York city, comprising the Seventeenth, Eleventh, and Thirteenth wards. Under his

able and faithful management the business of the court increased steadily from year to year, as is shown by the official records.

In the spring of 1867 he was chosen by the electors of the Twelfth assembly district as a member of the constitutional Convention of 1867-68, in the work of which body he took an active part. In November, 1869, he was appointed by Governor Hoffman Judge of the Court of Common Pleas to fill the unexpired term of the Hon. George C. Barrett, resigned, and at the general election in the same month was chosen by a large popular vote for the full term of six years commencing January 1, 1870.

As Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Judge Loew made good his highly creditable record in former offices, and tried many notable and difficult cases with marked ability and impartiality. His decisions were very seldom reversed by the Court of Appeals.

In October, 1875, he was appointed by Governor Tilden to hold a special term for the trial of jury causes in the Supreme Court.

In 1875 he was nominated by the Democracy for Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the term of fourteen years; but owing to the sweeping victory of the combination of Republican and Independent Democrats which had been made, he was unsuccessful, although he led the entire ticket by several thousand votes, and he therefore returned to active practice at the bar.

In 1877, after repeated refusals, he was finally persuaded to accept the Democratic nomination for Register of New York city and county, and notwithstanding a similar combination to that of 1875 had been entered into between the Republicans and Independent Democrats, he was after a very excited and closely contested canvass elected by several thousand majority, serving through the years 1878, 1879, 1880.

Some time after the expiration of his term of office his health, never robust, at last gave way, and he was obliged to discontinue active practice and seek relief in travel.

He has since resided mostly in Paris, making occasional visits to New York or traveling throughout Europe and the Orient.

Judge Loew was careful and conscientious. His motto, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," found ample expression in his judicial life. The unqualified, painstaking, and intense devotion to details which won him distinction in his first calling, characterized the whole of his public life.

He was married in New York city, December 19, 1867, to Julia Augusta, daughter of the late Jacob Vanderpoel, formerly Dock Commissioner, and a descendant of an old Holland Dutch family which settled in New Amsterdam in the earliest days of the colony (and great-grand-daughter of James and Catherine Donaldson).—*From History of the Court of Common Pleas of New York.*

New York, Jan. 12th, 1910.

Dear Friends:

Again we are called to place the fatal asterisk of death against the name of a loved member of the Donaldson Family.

On January 4th, 1910, Mr. William H. Helme Moore passed into "Life Eternal," at his home in New York City, in the 86th year of his age. He was the husband of a grand daughter of James and Catherine Donaldson.

On the first day of the last month of the year 1909, the Wedding Bells were ringing and Orange Flowers decorated the family mansion, in honor of the marriage of his grand-daughter; and now while the melody of the glad-some chimes of the New Year are still ringing in our ears, the sad tolling of the funeral bells breaks in upon our joyousness.

So closely does sorrow crowd upon the heels of pleasure in the drama of life.

Please make this announcement a part of your Donaldson Family Record.

Yours sincerely,

James H. Slipper,

Compiler.

W. H. H. MOORE.

Moore, William Henry Helme, marine insurance underwriter, was born at Sterling, Suffolk County, N. Y., February 13, 1824, son of Jeremiah and Julia Brush Moore. On his father's side he descends from Thomas Moore, who came to Sterling about 1640, and on his mother's side is a descendant of the Rev. George Phillips, who was born in Rainhorn, Norfolk, England, in 1593, was a student of the University of Cambridge, 1613-17, settled in Bosted, Essex County, but became a Non-conformist, and came to New England in 1630.

He was the first minister of Watertown, Mass., from 1630 till his death, July 1, 1644. He was a learned scholar, and noted in his time as a strong disputant.

The son of Jeremiah Moore, above mentioned, was prepared for college at the Millers Place Academy in his native county, and matriculated at Union College, Schenectady, in the class of 1844. His record at the college was peculiar, in that he never missed a day in the college course from the first day of his freshman year to the commencement day of the class. He was graduated with honor, and at once began the study of law with his brother, Charles B. Moore, then a partner with Francis B. Cutting. He was admitted to practice in 1847, and found occupation to his taste in questions of law arising in the adjustment of marine losses.

He accepted the position, unsolicited, of third executive officer of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and for thirty years was its second vice-president, and in 1886 was elected vice-president of the company, continuing in charge of the loss department. Mr. Moore has been a material factor in bringing this company to its position at the head of marine insurance companies. While his official position claims so large a portion of his time, Mr. Moore has not neglected his duty to his city, state, and country, and has been foremost in all movements that have been proposed to advance the moral and educational interests of humanity. He is president of the Life Saving Benevolent Association of New York, of the Workingwomen's Protective Union, and of the New York Port Society. He is also a trustee of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, director of the Phoenix National Bank and of the Atlantic Trust Company, and one of the vice-presidents of the American Geographical Society. He was for twenty-six years a member of the Union League Club, which organization he joined shortly after its formation. He is a member of the Reform Club and an independent in politics. From 1882 he has been a trustee of the Union University, and was in 1890 president of the Union College Alumni Association of New York.

In 1864 Mr. Moore was married to Adelaide Louisa Lewis, granddaughter of James Donaldson.—*From the National Cyclopaedia of American Biography.*

Chapter VII.

TRIBUTE TO MRS. C. L. SLIPPER.

She was a charming hostess, an interesting conversationalist, and above all a devoted wife and mother. She possessed a winning personality. Her family was one in which the Bible was revered and daily read as the word of God; the Sabbath was strictly kept from all unnecessary labor.

She was frank, kind, and affable; young and old alike delighted in her society. She made friends of all with whom she came in contact. Of such a woman there is nothing to be said regarding her Christian life; her every look, her every action, testified to the purity of her character, her inherent goodness showed itself in even the smallest details of life.

But the finity of time will have become infinity ere I forget the gentle hand that smoothed my early pillow, the sweet voice that soothed my childish sorrow, and the indulgent heart that found an excuse for every folly and a palliation for every fault under the sanction of a mother's love.

The fragrant memories that cluster around the sainted dead are very precious to the sorrowing, loving hearts that linger on this earth. Father, mother, brother, sister, have now passed away from us.

It's a pleasant thought that they are now reunited and have joined, holding sweet communion with all those of our family that have gone before on that blessed shore and are forever dwelling with the Lord in the Celestial City.

Chapter VIII.

REMINISCENCES.

On January 13, 1836, Henry U. Slipper, Colonel of the 9th Regiment N. Y. State Militia, was united in the bonds of holy wedlock to Miss Catharine L. Donaldson, daughter of James and Catherine Donaldson.

The beauty and chivalry of New York were gathered at the wedding, and the couple started out under the brightest auspices for a happy wedded life.

The October of the same year there were born to this couple twin boys, only one of whom survived the stress of birth. While the loss of the one was a severe blow to the fond parents, still they concentrated on the little innocent survivor the love and affection that should have been given to the two.

In those days the mails were not as largely patronized as later, and Grandpa Donaldson wrote on the edge of a newspaper and mailed it to one of his children, the item, "Louisa has twin boys, only one lived."

The postal authorities confiscated this paper and imposed a fine of five dollars on the sender, so early in life did the little fellow bring trouble through no fault of his.

Even now the writer can remember when about ten years of age standing at a newly-opened vault in the M. E. Cemetery on First Street, New York, with his father as they were exhuming the bodies of those of the family buried there, about to be removed to Greenwood, his father pointed out the little coffin and said, "There is your twin brother."

This was the first time I learned the fact; it has dwelt on my mind ever since. Often I have wondered about it, and fancied this feeling of something wanting in my existence may have been the missing of this prenatal brother.

Colonel Slipper at the time of his marriage was a prosperous iron merchant and owned considerable real estate in the city of New York. He foresaw the great future in store for the city of his birth, and mortgaged his property to buy more real estate. But the panic brought on by President Jackson's fierce onslaught on the Central Bank of that time, forcing the United States Bank to close, caused a wonderful depression in all kinds of business. Reverses setting in compelled a fore-

closure of his mortgages, and though he struggled heroically to save himself, he was forced to let his property go.

From the roster of the 9th Regiment N. G. N. Y. compiled January 6, 1908, by Comrade George A. Hussey, we learn that Colonel Slipper was commandant of the regiment from August 29, 1834, until October 2, 1843, and was acting Brigadier-General in command of the First Brigade N. Y. S. Art. 1840-1; leading the division at the obsequies of President Harrison in New York city in 1841.

James Donaldson, the progenitor of the families whose names appear in the accompanying genealogical pages, was of sturdy Scotch ancestry—that wonderful combination of English, Welsh, and Irish stock that has done so much to build up this great nation.

Grandpa Donaldson used to claim he was all Scotch. He clung to the thistle rather than the shamrock, and that their traditions are of the kale yard rather than the potato patch. He used to say with Cowper:

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The son of parents passed into the skies.”

He was born in the year of our Lord 1769 in the Parish of Rothes, Elgin County, Scotland.

Elgin, the county seat, had a cathedral noted far and wide for its wonderful chimes of bells; they did not escape the general reformation. For centuries they had summoned the people to the idolatrous sacrifice of the mass and were thereby polluted, and it was necessary that they should undergo a process of purification. Accordingly, some of them were sent to the foundry to be cast into one solid, sound Presbyterian bell. This shows the very strong religious fervor which must have pervaded the atmosphere of Elgin County, and must have been imbibed by the Donaldsons. A further history of the bell tells how it was rent by a woman striking it violently with a heavy key for the purpose of arousing the inhabitants to quench a fire. It was again recast, and it is said that numbers of the inhabitants repaired to the foundry place and cast in, the rich, guineas, crowns, and half-crowns, the poorer people, shillings and sixpences, during the time the metal was melting, which in no small degree contributed to enrich its sound.

The exact date of the arrival of James Donaldson in New York is not known, but it must have been while a young man, for we learn that in 1795 he had started in business and married an estimable lady of New York. He was prudent in financial affairs, and accumulated

a good property for those times. He was strict in his religious views, but not bigoted, though he had a good deal of the Scotch austerity in his character.

In appearance he was not very tall. He had brown hair and eyes. He was very fond of music, a consistent member of the Methodist Church, and sang their hymns with great fervor.

Mr. Donaldson was a man of very decided opinions, of sterling integrity, governing his actions with high principles, and was respected by all his associates.

In his wife James Donaldson found a worthy helpmate—one who was proud to have her own home, and who heartily co-operated with her husband in continual saving; realizing that while her husband was getting all he could from the business, their further prospects depended largely on how much he could lay aside each year. She entered into her part of the work with enthusiasm, and was a strong helpmate for him. She had the attention of a devoted husband, and he had her encouragement of inspiration in all he undertook. Their home life was most congenial and happy.

Their children were brought up to be methodical, prudent, and capable. They were instructed in the care of the house, in needlework and cooking, and when sufficiently advanced they were obliged to take turns of a week each in the charge of the house. When one was able to prepare all the meals for the family, she was allowed to have her first party, everything for which was prepared at home by the family.

Grandpa Donaldson always had a blessing at meals, and morning and evening had Bible reading and family prayers. Prayer was his watchword at the gates of death. He entered Heaven with prayer.

William Patterson Donaldson, the elder son of James and Catherine Donaldson, I remember as a fine-appearing, large, portly gentleman, who wrote a beautiful hand just like copper plate. He had a pleasant home in New York with Aunt Betsy.

One little incident I remember well was that he had a beautiful little snow-white poodle dog, who was trained to run and bring Uncle William's slippers to him when he returned home from his daily business. I saw little of him, as later his business moved to Hartford, Conn. He was a great sufferer from chronic rheumatism, and I think died from its effects in Hartford, aged 49 years.

James Taylor Donaldson, younger son of James and Catherine Donaldson, might well be styled one of the heroes of the Donaldson family. He early heard the call of the wild, and full of life, vigor, and adventurous spirit he hied him to the Lone Star State at the time

that born soldier and statesman General Sam Houston had won its freedom from Mexico and secured it to the United States.

On one of his visits home I remember he made me the offer of a Bible if at his next visit I had learned and could repeat the Fifth Chapter of Matthew's Gospel. I did this, and secured the prize.

He died too young, only in the prime of life, aged 34 years, in the State he had made his home. (See obituary with this genealogy.)

The old homestead on James Street is one of my earliest memories. A large, roomy house with a wide carriage entrance at the side; the house was old style and had a slanting cellar door, down which the boys of the family used to slide and on which they would pound and make a great racket until the doors would suddenly rise and the black head of Dinah Lott would appear and chide the boys for making such a racket.

In this homestead were born all the ten children of James and Catherine Donaldson; here the daughters were married, several of the grandchildren were born there, and from it the remains of the loved ones who passed away were carried to their last resting place.

No wonder 19 James Street had a warm place in the hearts of the Donaldson descendants.

In 1844 Grandpa Donaldson moved from James Street, where he had lived for nearly a half century, to Seventh Street, from which place in the following year he passed to his heavenly home. (See his obituary notices accompanying this record.)

Another very pleasing reminiscence was the occasion of Grandma Donaldson's 78th birthday. All the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren gathered in a hospitable mansion in Seventh Street to extend to her their heartfelt congratulations, felicitations, and greetings on the auspicious occasion. Each one brought some pleasing token of love and affection, but the gem of the occasion was a beautiful poem by Uncle Burritt, written in the then new and very popular measure of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." A copy of this poem is annexed to this chronicle. But envious time with its unrelenting hand dissolved the union of this little band. Some of them soon turned their faces westward, where they lived and died as these records show.

Cousin Kate was married to Mr. E. H. Mann at the Seventh Street residence, and shortly after built a pleasant home at Tubby Hook, now Inwood, just this side of Spuyten Duyvil Creek. There were very many pleasant family visits made there which have always left a pleasant memory. One sad incident I recall which cast a gloom on an otherwise happy household. One chilly day, before fires had been started, two servant maids took an old-fashioned charcoal stove used in summer time to heat smoothing irons; they took this to their room to take the

chill off, and were found the next morning asphyxiated in their bedroom.

Soon after this the Manns broke up their happy home and carried their lares and penates westward to the city of New Albany, Ind.

Aunt Eliza Jane Mount when asked about her family is said to have replied:

“No children disturb our peaceful slumber,
When the angel of rest draws near,
We quietly dream of that heaven of rest
Which to us is pictured so clear.
We awake and hear no prattle
Of earth's little cherubim bright;
But thank Fate for her decree,
And think she served us right.”

(She died without issue.)

Once I asked Uncle William why they called the street his store was on Maiden Lane. He replied: “That goes back to early Dutch times. There used to be a stream at the foot of the street where the Dutch maidens took their way to do the family washing. Then many feet wore a path, which was called Virgin's Path, afterward changed to Maiden Lane.”

My father told me this was the description of New York city in 1828, when he was 22 years old. He told me that in that day the city of New York virtually ended with Canal Street and clustered around Bowling Green, Battery Park, and City Hall Park.

He used to walk with friends up Broadway across the arched bridge at Canal Street to the green meadows and corn fields just beyond. What is now Canal Street was then a fresh-water stream running to the Collect Pond, which covered the ground where the Tombs now stands. The brook was eight or ten feet wide at Broadway, and its banks were covered with wild flowers. From the mouth of this brook down to Duane Street stretched a sandy beach, and at the foot of what is now West Houston Street there was a great swamp, through which ran Minetta Brook, a famous trout stream in its day.

“There was but one house on Broadway at the Canal Street bridge, and a house at the foot of what is now Sixth Avenue had no neighbors in sight along the road that led to Greenwich village. A stage made daily trips from this village to John Street, and the fare was two shillings each way. People who moved from Duane Street, near Chatham Street, were counted as crazy by their neighbors because they moved so far up into the wilderness which bordered the western side of what is now Washington Square.”

Mother used to tell me this story either of her own experience or

of that of one of her friends. It seems the young lady had been spending the month of September and part of October in the country at a farm house some little distance from the railroad station.

The young lady, whom we will call Susan, was driving to the station in a conventional farm wagon, a two-seated affair, driven by her landlord, who owned the small farm at which she had been staying.

The autumnal coloring of the foliage was especially beautiful, the sky was cerulean, and the air was an elixir, so invigorating.

Now country folks believe in being friendly, and their way of showing politeness is to talk, almost incessantly, with a nasal twang, of course, and on the most saltless and insipid subjects—such as an uncommon crop of potatoes or a right smart apple crop, etc.; thus did the loquacious farmer expatiate, while Susan was drinking in the beauty of the landscape and mentally reverting to beautiful autumnal verses, and dwelling on the poetry of the dying year. At last the farmer became unendurable, and Susan remarked snappishly, "I wish you wouldn't talk, I want to think."

Reuben shut up, straightening like a bivalve on the approach of trouble, and so continued till they reached the station.

The train was in sight, and Susan instantly recollected herself, and unbent most graciously. "Well, Uncle Reuben, we have only a moment, but I thank you and your wife most cordially for a very pleasant season of rest.

"By the bye, how much do I owe you for the carriage fare?"

"Five dollars and fifty cents," solemnly replied the old farmer.

"I had supposed it was only fifty cents," said Susan. "Oh, the regular fare to the station is fifty cents," said the old man; "the five dollars is for sass. I don't often take sass, but when I do, I charge for it."

Among the pleasant memories of the past are those connected with the recurring anniversaries of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas. It was the delightful practice of the Donaldson family to celebrate these occasions by family reunions, either at their ancestral homes or at that of one of their descendants. These anniversary meetings were sometimes graced with the presence of two charming creatures, Maria Louise Burritt and Mary Elizabeth Vanderpoel. A beautiful vision they now appeared to me. I know the boys always looked forward to the meeting of these girls with joyous expectations. They lent such a delightful addition to the company of grand and reverend seniors. They seemed like young and lovely blossoms turning an otherwise dry and dusty desert into a beautiful garden.

An amusing incident happened at one of the family gatherings at Grandma Donaldson's in Seventh Street.

Uncle William Lewis had an electric battery he used for his rheumatism; the boys begged to let them have it; he showed them how to use it and to put force on gently. The boys got one of the uncles to hold the handles of the machine and then put on full force, which made the old gentleman dance a jig on the floor; as he could not let go of the handles, he jerked them so that he broke the machine.

There were rollicking times on these occasions. The old-fashioned round dances, Virginia reels, etc., wound up the happy festivals.

Cousin Mary Elizabeth was a woman of rare personal gifts; charmingly attractive in her young womanhood, she was lovely in her later years.

In the chambers of my memory there hang few pictures more beautiful than those of Cousin Maria Louisa Burritt and Cousin Mary Elizabeth Vanderpoel as they were to be seen in their lovely homes—a picture indeed of an almost ideally perfect life.

Those beautiful lines of Longfellow on Maidenhood:

“Maiden! with the dark brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies.

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses wreathed in one
As the braided streamlets run.

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet,”

always bring those lovely girls to my mind.

One passed away into life eternal just as she was about to enter upon this lower life of happiness and usefulness. The other lived the allotted threescore years in this troublesome world, and then her sweet spirit was wafted to meet her early friend and relative in the spirit land.

REMINISCENCES OF A DONALDSON GRAND-DAUGHTER.

It seems strange after a life of hard toil to try and recall the happy days of long ago.

Our attic was a constant source of pleasure to us children and all those of the neighborhood. Those of the present day little know what they have lost. One part was a museum with curious pictures, etc., pasted on wall; entrance fee, which was usually pins, charged on certain occasions. The center held a swing used for trapeze, and the thrill when a girl could touch the highest rafter, and then most thrilling mounting a long ladder, stepping out on a peaked slated roof where a misstep would land you fifty feet on sidewalk. In one corner stood band boxes as large as a trunk, and the joy their contents afforded for the amateur theatricals held there! The swing was fastened up, hand-painted scenery furnished for the most blood-curdling plays, where the actors, if they did not receive enough applause and no laughter, vowed they would never appear again.

One room was the laboratory, and being merely a girl could not try all the bad-smelling experiments the college boys used to make. Fourth of July we were taken to the Stevens House to see the fireworks at Bowling Green. A trip to Staten Island in a rowboat I can well remember.

Grandmother lived in Seventh Street, and we went there Thanksgiving and Christmas. The children sat at a small table, and with what longing eyes we waited our turn and took care to see we got all the older ones did.

Grandma always gave us silver money each time, which we thought was part of the visit. Though a Methodist she gave each of her daughters a gold thimble as few had, and herself wore a silver chate-laine which, as an antique with the old-fashioned mahogany furniture in the basement, would be worth much at present day. When we started for home, some went for the stage that ran down Eighth Street, and with many a laugh and good-bye we piled on and took our long slow ride to the ferry. The room Grandma slept in, and only used at night, had Aunt Harriet Dusenbery's portrait, the eyes of which seemed to follow you, and as the room was always dim we all dreaded it. One night we had been in Aunt Cornelia's room in the third story, and coming down through dark hall a white vision greeted us at Grandma's door of the bedroom. We raced shrieking downstairs. The parlor doors were quickly opened, and the family rushed out to hear our trembling story. The girl vowed she was only folding the quilt, but we knew better. She did it to frighten us. All old ladies wore wigs, and Grandma looked so lovely as she lay sick in bed with her pretty white hair, I wished I could always remember her so, and not as she used to look in cap and wig.

A. L. G.

Chapter IX.

DONALDSON'S HOSPITAL.

As a pleasure, as well as a sense of duty, I close this record with a description of THE DONALDSON HOSPITAL in Edinburgh, Scotland, erected by one of the most far-seeing and Christian members of the Donaldson Clan.

It was a noble work of a noble man, and has made the name of Donaldson shine as the stars in the firmament. Whenever the name of Donaldson is mentioned this munificent endowment should be recalled. It is the very embodiment of the Master's words: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." One can almost imagine hearing the infantile voices of the happy inmates re-echoing the words of the Angelic Chorus: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

DONALDSON'S HOSPITAL.

Extract from "Old and New Edinburgh."

"On a gentle swell of the ground, about 600 yards westward of Haymarket, amid a brilliant urban landscape, stands Donaldson's Hospital, in magnitude and design one of the grandest edifices of Edinburgh, and visible from a thousand points all round the environs to the westward, north and south. It springs from a bequest of £210,000 originally by James Donaldson, of Broughton Hall, a printer, at one time at the foot of the ancient West Bow, who died in the year 1830. It was erected between the years 1842 and 1851 after designs by W. H. Playfair, at a cost of £100,000, and forms a hollow quadrangle of 258 feet by 207 exteriorly and 176 by 164 interiorly. It is a modified variety of a somewhat ornate Tudor style, and built of beautiful freestone. It has four octagonal, five-storied towers, each 120 feet in height, in the centre of the main front, and four square towers of four stories each at the corners; and most profuse, graceful, and varied ornamentations on all four façades.

and much in the interior. It was specially visited and much admired by Queen Victoria in 1850, before it was quite completed, and now maintains 150 children of each sex, of whom a considerable number are deaf and dumb. According to the rules of this excellent institution, those eligible for admission are declared to be: 1st. Poor children of the name of Donaldson or Marshall, if appearing to the Governors to be deserving. 2d. Such poor children as shall appear to be in the most destitute circumstances and the most deserving of admission. None are received whose parents are able to support them. The children are clothed and maintained in the hospital, and are taught such useful branches of a plain education as will fit the boys for trades, and the girls for domestic service. The age of admission is from 7 to 9, and that of leaving the hospital 14 years. The Governors are the Lord Justice General, the Lord Clerk Register, the Lord Advocate, the Lord Provost, the Principal of the University, the senior minister of the established church, the minister of St. Cuthbert's, and other ex-officio."

Chapter X.

POSTSCRIPT.

Having been requested to give a sketch of my career as a sort of postscript to this record, I indite these few lines.

My career began amid a scene of mingled sorrow and joy, a wonderful forecast of my subsequent life. It seems that I was born a twin, but the little brother who all through the prenatal period had nestled by my side and made me feel as if we were inseparable, by some insuperable and mysterious dispensation of Providence, was not permitted to keep me company, as his life ended with the day of his birth.

The effects of prenatal influences have ever been a subject of wondering discussion from the earliest times, but I can say that all through my long and uneventful life I have felt as if the one half of my soul had been taken away—and I attribute this feeling to prenatal influence.

When only a few years of age I received a sunstroke which nearly closed my earthly career, but thanks to the kind and tender nursing of the best of mothers and the assiduous care of Dr. Jared Linsly, I was brought back to a state of consciousness to continue my weary pilgrimage here below.

But the effect of that sunstroke has always remained with me, as I have always been as sensitive as an exposed nerve, and any extraordinary excitement has left me in a state of nervous prostration.

I mention these things as a partial account for my poor showing in the affairs of life.

Beyond the foregoing, there was nothing eventful in my early life.

I passed through school and college life fairly well, though I often had attacks of nervousness that would cause me to fall unconscious and remain in that state for hours, all of which I feel sure had an unwholesome effect upon my brain. These continued until after my twenty-first birthday, when I gave up my books and studies and went out into the open outer world for health and strength.

My first experience after I left college was in Detroit, Mich. There I entered the employ of Dr. Russell, who was owner of the Detroit and Windsor ferry companies, as well as a large owner of lake craft. To give me out-of-door work and exercise, he made me clerk of one of his Lake Superior steamers, on which I stayed until the business depression just before the fearful civil war compelled him to dispose of much of his lake craft, and he sent me to Buffalo to deliver the largest and best boat he had on the Lakes to the New York Central Railroad and bring

back the payment for the same. The civil war unsettled me at the crucial point of life.

I then returned to New York, and secured a position under Dr. Anthon as a teacher in the Grammar School of Columbia College, from which college I had graduated in 1857.

Soon I had an offer of a situation in the preparatory Department of Burlington College of New Jersey at a higher salary, which I accepted. While there an old friend of mine in Buffalo, a large owner of one of the large grain elevators, made me an offer to come to Buffalo and enter his office, where there would be plenty of exercise, a thing I sadly needed, as my old nervous complaints were again troubling me. After being there about two years, labor troubles broke out. The grain elevator interests were experimenting with grain-shoveling machines to do away with the large number of men they required to shovel the grain in the vessels as they unloaded. This of course made the men strike, and riot and bloodshed followed, during which some of the grain elevators were burned, among them that of my employer. Tired of the many annoyances of the grain trade, he put his capital received from the insurance companies into an oil refinery, and suggested that I put my savings in it also, which I did. It was decided to erect an iron tank to hold ten thousand barrels of crude oil on Oil Creek, Pa., so as to take advantage of the sudden fluctuations of the crude oil market, and I was sent out there to superintend the erection of it and to buy the oil for the refinery. All went well for a season until what is now known as the Octopus, or Standard Oil Company, then only a child, inaugurated their nefarious and infamous scheme of getting rebates from the railroad companies by means of which they could kill all opposition. Our Buffalo concern strove valiantly to stem the tide that carried so many strong refineries down, but finally had to succumb to the inevitable, and my savings invested in the company were lost.

I then returned to New York, and secured a position with Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., which I held for several years, part of the time in charge of their Cincinnati, Ohio, office, until a change in the home office caused them to discontinue it. Then as traveling salesman for some New York publisher, I journeyed from New York to San Antonio, Texas, and afterward in the Northwest until the weight of more than threescore years and ten put me out of the game.

Longevity seems to have been the only Donaldson attribute inherited by me.

The older generations would no doubt join me in saying to the younger ones:

"We who are old and about to die,
Salute you, hail you and take your hand in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as with flowers."

J. H. S.

ADDENDA.

Since the issue of this Record my attention has been called to a few changes and additions that will make the Record more accurate. They are as follows:

First: On page 8 read Mr. Isaac Lewis died 1897.

On page 10 change Nellie Lewis to Cornelia Donaldson Lewis.

On page 16 make Alice M. read Alys M.

On page 28 change Lewis Edwin M. to read Edward Mann Lewis. Also on same page make date of appointment to 11th Infantry read July 1, 1886, instead of 1866.

Second: Add to the record of William H. Lewis on page 31 the interesting letter of Cousin Annie E. (Phelps) Lewis, giving an account of the beautiful and fitting tribute from the railroad company to the memory of their faithful and efficient treasurer.

Also this extract from a letter to Mrs. W. H. H. Moore (Mr. Lewis's sister) from the Rev. Mr. Snively (a brother-in-law):

"We have lost a dear brother, but we have the dear memory of a noble character of the highest integrity, we have the assurance of an abundant entrance into the Peace and Happiness of the Life Eternal."

Silver Hills, New Albany, Ind.

My Dear Cousin Addie:

You and Sister Kate are in my mind this morning, and I thought I would like to write you both, of yesterday and the closing chapter in the life of one so dear. How little we realized when we met a few weeks ago that the end was so near for Henry, though we could see he was very ill, but he kept up so bravely and was so happy in having his sister with him. We are so thankful for the opportunity of meeting him once more in life, and how he was honored in death. I wonder if he knew. A beautiful Sabbath day when he was brought to his old church home in a special funeral train of six cars; the engine draped in black, the private car for the sad group of loved ones, the President's car, a Pullman and diner, and day car, besides the one that bore the precious remains. Fifty men came, Mr. McDoel and most of the officials; and as the train passed down through the State, at stations all along, men stood with bare heads in tribute to the honored dead. They arrived before noon. We had wired for them to come right to

us, but Mr. McDoel had arranged for luncheon on the train, and Ed thought it would be best, since he had been so kind, they had better accept it, but they all came early to the church parlor, so we had a little time together.

The sons are so fine, three stalwart men of whom any father would be proud, and the two Adelaides, who were such a comfort to the father's heart. Mrs. Hoyne and Mr. Snively, each so near and dear, made up the party. Friends from Louisville were over. The pall-bearers were two elders of our church, Judge Dowling and Walter Creed, and Mr. Sam Culbertson and Mr. Sam Kerr. The flowers were beyond description beautiful, and many of them from railway officials and many from friends in his old home. The service was sweet and simple, music and all, and at the last the casket was open to give the old friends an opportunity to look once more upon his face, and it was interesting to see the line file by of those who were growing old, of railroad men and many with tears in their eyes, and finally a colored man bent over him, honored and loved by all. The service at the grave was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Snively, and so beautifully done. The grave lined with ferns and with the bank of flowers beside it, and the beautiful sky of heaven's own blue for a canopy, and in this sweet spring time. Nothing could have been more lovely, and Ed said he thought it all was just as father would have wished, and that's what we all desired.

ANNIE E. (PHELPS) LEWIS.

May 15th, 1906.

MEMORANDA.

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